

P S

3503

R36A6

1908

ANTON

THE
MAN

WHO
SAW



EARL LEO BROWNSON



Class PS3503

Book , R 86A6

Copyright N^o 1908

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

ANTON

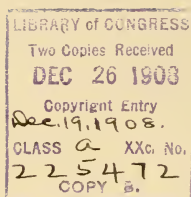
The Man Who Saw

By
Earl Leo Brownson



1908

MAYHEW PUBLISHING CO.
BOSTON, MASS.



COPYRIGHT
EARL LEO BROWNSON
1908

Dedicated
TO MY WIFE

An Appreciation.

"It would be well if such poetry were given wider appreciation — well if there were a larger audience for verse to-day, a keener realization of the fact that poetry is being written that is worth being read."

The New York Time's Saturday Review of Books.

TO EARL LEO BROWNSON:

I read the above before I perused your book of poems. You deserve the "larger audience" and the "wider appreciation." Your poem, "Anton," is rhythmically perfect and is replete with poetic imagery and deep philosophy. There may be sermons in stones, but the moral and religious truths in your poems have tongues of fire to reach the ears and hearts of men.

CHAS. FELTON PIDGIN.

HATE.

Blood-eyed and frowning, venom-lipped,
With white-hot curses snatched from Hell,
The lawless monster, brooding Hate,
Sits sprawling on a throne of skulls
High builded where the ages roll.
A sulphurous vomit, spilling o'er
His scaly bulk in hissing streams,
Drips sputtering upon the damned
Like molten madness unconfined.
Hell-marked and skulking, drunken men,
And slattern women stripped of pride
Roll groveling at his leprous feet
Pledged to his bidding to the end:
And children, too, bred 'neath his eye,
Serve only him because they know
No other power for the strife.
Not only these, but women fair,
And men with minds of high estate
That, once transfixed by his foul stare
Bowed down and served for vengeance sake.

* * * *

ANTON.

Love is the armor that protects
Mankind from Hate's unholy rule;
Go thou protected from his spleen
Gird on thy armor, friend, to-day.

IN FANCY'S REALM.

THE QUEEN OF HELL.

The Devil sat on a cloud one night
Playing with lightning, as devils can;
The flash and the crash gave him delight,
But brought dismay to the heart of man:—

But what cared he if man did quail?—
Old Nick must have occasional fun,
If weakly worldlings do turn pale
And think of the evil things they've done.

From out his sinewy finger-tips
The electric fluid sputtered and cracked;
And bolt on bolt, from 'tween his lips,
Came zigzag down and the earth attacked.

He lashed his tail till the tempest howled;
And rolled up clouds till the rain fell fast;
And louder and louder the thunder growled,
Till even his followers stood aghast.

He laughed and roared with infinite glee,
Whenever a bolt, well aimed, struck dead
Some damnéd sinner, or split a tree,
Or set on fire a barn or shed.

ANTON.

Right over a town his cloud-car flew,
And, gazing down from his lofty perch,
He took good aim with a bolt, brand new,
And knocked the spire clean off a church.

The parson woke with the noise and flash
And rushed to the window in time to see
The spire fall with a mighty crash —
“Thy will be done, O Lord,” quoth he!

The Devil smiled his rarest smile
At the parson's words, he knew full well
Divines should know a deed so vile
Came not from Heav'n but straight from Hell.

“You're not the first,” the Devil thought,
“To lay such things at Heav'n's door;
But when to judgment you are brought,
You'll know you're wrong if not before.

“But, meanwhile, I must have my fun,
Cost what it may to man and his;
And while men think God's will is done,
I'll know, at least, whose will it is.”

IN FANCY'S REALM.

Still on he passed, till down below
He saw a building, large and square,
With many bright lights all aglow,
And many people gathered there.

He paused to listen: "Ah!" quoth he,
"That sounds familiar," as he caught
The sound of sensuous revelry;
"I'll drop in here a while," he thought.

The Devil forgot the storm he'd made,
As with new sports his mind was filled:
The lightning, with which he had played,
Was cast aside and the storm was stilled:

And down he leapt from his cloud-built seat,
And light as a bubble he lit below,
Right in the town's most traveled street,
And straight to the dance-hall then did go.

A masquerade was on that night;
He needed no disguise — his dress
Was quite the proper thing — yes — quite;
His true identity none would guess.

ANTON.

So in he strode; though rather late,
The crowd was glad to welcome him:
"Here comes the Devil, or else his mate,"
A gillie cried whose eyes were dim

From too much wine; the rest, likewise,
From frequent tipping of the glass,
Had not the clearest-sighted eyes,
"So," said the Devil, "I guess I'll pass."

"Come right this way," called he, dim eyed,
"And have a bumper, do, on me."
"I'm just your man," the Devil cried;
"You're surely mine," then whispered he.

The Devil drank and smacked his lips,
And hawked and spat in the usual way;
The barmaid winked and smirked for tips;
"I'll see you later," I heard him say.

"I will," thought he, with knowing grin;
"Your smile won't be so charming then;
You'll have to pay, in Hell, for sin
In dealing out such stuff to men."

IN FANCY'S REALM.

He mingled then amongst the crowd
To size them up and mark his own;
Not one was there but he allowed
Would furnish him a toothsome bone.

On human flesh the Devil dines—
So I have heard — be it the truth,
I dare to say he often finds
Old sinners tough to e'en *his* tooth.

For tender youth he has a taste,
And many lads and lasses fair,
Adown his turnpike, by him paced,
Into his larder rush; beware!

Lest you should miss the Narrow Path,
And fall into the Devil's flock,
And, followed by your Maker's wrath,
Wind up in hell with awful shock.

But I am preaching; to my theme;
The Devil spied a charming maid,
In beauty, just a perfect dream,
The queen of all the masquerade.

ANTON.

She wore a mask that hid her face,
But then, her form told it was fair;
She moved with most exquisite grace,
And had such lovely golden hair.

Her flesh was tender, smooth and white—
The kind the Devil likes the best—
And much of it was bared to sight,
As she was rather sparely drest;

That is, her dress was cut quite low,
As evening dresses often are,
For well formed women love to show
The beauty other dresses mar.

But, as I said, the Devil spied
Her out and pushed himself along,
And soon was standing at her side
And spoke to her, which was quite wrong,

Without an introduction — so
Polite society would say —
She didn't care, or didn't know
The difference — well, anyway,

IN FANCY'S REALM.

She smiled and took his offered arm;
And when the orchestra began
A dreamy waltz, its subtle charm
Like inspiration through them ran;

And, with his arm about her waist,
They glided swiftly round the hall,
And danced with such exquisite taste,
That they were envied by them all.

"You're such a charming partner, dear,"
The Devil whispered soft and low,
Into her little shell-like ear,
As they were gliding to and fro.

"I've danced with maids in every land;
I've danced with belles of high degree;
But, of them all, not one could stand
Comparison, my dear, with thee."

She blushed and stammered something out
About her being rather slow
At dancing, but I have a doubt
If she meant what she said was so.

ANTON.

The more you flatter womankind,
The more they will deny their worth:
They're like the weather or the wind,
The most uncertain things on earth.

 But flattery is what they prize
Above all else life holds in store;
And flattery is mostly lies —
An honest man is but a bore.

This fault in women Satan knew —
For who should know it if not he? —
The things he does not know are few —
At least, about humanity.

So he began to flatter her,
Being the surest way to win
Her to himself, and scatter her
Ideas of what was really sin.

There never yet a woman fell
But first was blinded by the art
Of flattery — the art of Hell —
That poisons mind and soul and heart.

IN FANCY'S REALM.

In Eden Satan tempted Eve
With flattery, and to this day,
Her daughters listen and believe,
And fall in just the same old way.

But to my theme. — The music ceased,
And then they all rushed to an inner
Room, where was set a sumptuous feast,
Or what we moderns style a dinner.

The ancient feasts were lewd affairs,
In many instances, 'tis true;
And modern dinners equal theirs
In all but that the name is new.

Perhaps my statement's rather broad,
And won't apply to dining heroes;
But some of them are rather odd,
And quite come up to some of Nero's.

This one was not the worst, and yet
'Twas far from being proper — quite;
The exact details I forget,
Being dim-eyed myself that night.

ANTON.

An hour at least, the diners sat
And ate and drank about the table,
And laughed and jested, and all that,
Till, to get up, some were not able.

And all the time the Devil kept
On flattering her at his side,
Until her heart with pleasure leapt,
And she was filled with foolish pride

That will puff up a woman when
A man enumerates her charms —
As is the custom of most men —
Their better sense it always harms.

“A little more,” the Devil thought,
“And I will have her in my power;
I’ll deem her not too dearly bought
If I must spend another hour

“In winning her all to myself;
She’ll make not over bad a queen;
She’s quite a charming little elf,
As fair as Hell has lately seen.”



A SNUG RETREAT, WITH SEATS FOR TWO.

ANTON.

"Another glass of wine my dear."

He said, and poured it out for her.

"Oh don't refuse it, have no fear,

'Tis but weak stuff and cannot stir

"Your blood." She took it, though her head

Was light, and senses seemed to swim.

"I oughtn't to drink it," she said,

But did, because it pleaséd him.

It was enough — it served to draw

Her mind away from what was right;

Or so it seemed to him, who saw

Her inmost soul, with X-ray sight.

At last, cigars were passed around,

And diners 'gan to move about:

The Devil and companion found

A quiet nook, the light shut out

By tropic plants, arranged to make

A snug retreat with seats for two

'Twas just the place for him to take

His chosen victim, to pursue

IN FANCY'S REALM.

His courting, that was coming now
Unto the point of full success;
And he had made a solemn vow
To be put off with nothing less.

About her waist his arm he stole;
She sighed and sank upon his breast,
And almost gave him up her soul,
As she had yielded him the rest.

"My little queen," he whispered low,
"Are you not happy here with me?
Would you not always have it so
That we together, thus, might be?"

"I'm happy, oh, so happy, dear!"
(The wine was working wond'rous well)
"And could be all contented here
Forever!" — But that was not Hell.

That is the fault with those who fall;
They think not of the Hell in store,
Or would their numbers be more small,
And Heaven would claim that many more.

ANTON.

He pressed his lips upon her brow,
Upon her neck, upon her hair,
And thought: "I've got her surely now,"
And held her closer to him there.

About his neck, her arms she stole
As trusting as a little child:
"I don't like your disguise, 'tis droll,
But horrid, horrid;" the Devil smiled.

"I'd like to see you as you are;
In this Satanic garb you make
Me shiver." "Oh, the time's not far
Remote," said he, "when I will take

"Again my proper role, and then
You'll know me as I am; but can
You not in fancy see me, when
You close your eyes and lights grow wan?"

"Oh yes, in fancy I can see
What you are like." "Then tell me sweet,
I love you! will you marry me?
See — I am kneeling at your feet!

IN FANCY'S REALM.

"Is not your vision of me such
That you can give to me your love?
I know my worth's not over much,
But trust me and my worth I'll prove!"

He paused and waited her reply:
She bowed her head and murmured low:
"Yes, I will be your wife, for I —
I can't refuse, I love you so!"

With eyes aflame, he rose, elate,
His gentle manner vanished, quite:
She saw him as he was, but fate
Had sealed her doom? — Ah no, the light

That on that moment shot from out
Those eyes, behind that mask of black,
Might fill e'en Satan's mind with doubt,
And turn him from his bold attack.

"Ha! ha!" he cried, "my little queen,
I love you as I cannot tell.
Ha! ha! you think I've served you mean?
Cheer up, my dear, I'll treat you well.

ANTON.

“I’ll crown you queen of Hell; the old
Shall be deposed at early morn.”
She turned on him a look as cold
As winter’s moon, and full of scorn.

Incensed by her repelling gaze,
And anxious to be off ere day,
He tried to seize her, but ablaze
With righteous wrath, she stepped away.

“*Stand off!*” she cried, like one who knew
Her power to make Satan stand;
“*Dare not to touch me,*” and she drew
Up proudly at her stern command.

“*You’d crown me queen of Hell,*” she cried.
“*I bid you look — look long and well!*”
And then she threw her mask aside,
And she, in truth, *was* queen of Hell.

A sheepish look his face o’erspread;
The fire died from out his eyes,
And humbly he hung low his head—
His wife, had matched him, in disguise.

IN FANCY'S REALM.

A window being up he flew
Into the night with lightning speed,
And closely did his wife pursue,
But of her Satan took no heed.

He aimed to get inside the gate
Of Hell, and close it, leaving her
Outside, until time should abate
The wrath his folly did incur.

But she was just as sharp as he,
And entered with him, in close file;
And, though he was meek as he could be,
She made Hell hot for him a while.

MORAL.

The moral of this tale, to men,
Is — to be careful how you bend
Your marriage pledge to wife, for ten
To one she'll catch you in the end.

ANTON.

PROEM.

In heaven and earth and nether hell;
Where angels, man, and foul fiends dwell
Are many strange, mysterious things.
That fiends and angels both have wings.
We're taught in pictures to believe,
But how they're used I can't conceive;
But then, of heaven and hell we know
But very little here below,
And that is but to mystify—
We may not know until we die:
So, heaven and hell we'll drop, and take
Up earth and see what we can make
Of some things in its close confines.

In earth are men of many minds
And many moods and dispositions,
Some men are prone to superstitions;
And some have pessimistic notions—
Some are sincere in their devotions,
And follow paths where virtue leads,
Spite of the hampering of the creeds;

IN FANCY'S REALM

And now and then an optimist,
In this hard world, doth still exist;
But then, 'tis plain, the greater part
Of mortal men are hard of heart
And follow madly to the end,
Close in the devil's downward trend.

.

Howe'er that be, 'tis not my theme;
I've but to tell of only one,
Who, here on earth, his course hath run;
And howe'er strange the tale may seem,
'Tis but one of the weird things
That subtle Time flaps from his wings:
(Ah! wings again — Time hath them, too,
The same as friends and angels do.)
And yet, there are but few, I ween,
Who've ever dreamed or heard or seen
Such things as Anton heard and saw.
I'll tell the tale and you may draw
Your own conclusions; — but my word
I give to you that, though absurd
The tale may seem — 'tis true, for he
Himself told it for truth to me.
I doubted not, for I had known
Him all his life — and he had grown,

ANTON.

Before his death, to such a state
Of vile misanthropic hate
For everything that life can give
To make it good for one to live
That all men shunned him, and alone
His wretched state he did bemoan.
Awake or sleeping, night or day,
A voice in him seemed to say:—

“The evil, that was in thee born,
Shall hold thee e’er as one forlorn.
The stars that marked thy horoscope
Were evil ones — thou mayst not hope,
Nor any born beneath the same,
One moment’s peace on earth to claim.
Thy soul shall be with longing riven,
And all thy days to torment given.
Thy mind, to fiends shall be a prey;
Thy heart, the seat of dire dismay;
Thy conscience shall rise up and smite
Thee ever with increasing might,
And vials of discontent be poured
Into thy being, and be stored
With ever fast increasing flow,
To fill thee with increasing woe.
The peace, that other men enjoy,
Shall only serve thee to annoy,

IN FANCY'S REALM.

And haunt thee, till it be thy fate,
The sight of others' joy to hate.
Thy only pleasure shall be in
The pastimes marked by lustful sin;
And then to shun them it were fitter,
For they shall make thy cup more bitter.
The one desire of thy life
Shall be to end the constant strife
With forces stronger than thy will —
The forces of perpetual ill,
And find in death a dreamless sleep.
Strong men may sometimes learn to weep,
And weeping, find relief from pain;
But even that relief is ta'en
From thee: — thine eyes must e'er be dry,
And inward tears, that do depress
As none but know them e'er can guess,
Fill up thy heart with ink-black dye,
Than which, no poison, e'er distilled,
Can be with deadlier essence filled;
But yet, to bring the cherished end,
To thee their charm refuse to lend.
The death thou craveth shall not come
Until thou find in life and home —
As by a miracle — the charm
That shall thy frozen senses warm,

ANTON.

And fill thee with the longed for peace—
Then death shall give thy soul release.
Not one short day of joy shall be,
On earth allotted unto thee;
But hand in hand with death it will
Approach thee, as one sent to kill,
But first to give thee one sweet draught
Of peace on earth; and when 'tis quaffed
It shall make death, thou thought to prize,
A blighting tyrant to thine eyes.”
Such thoughts as these, the grim voice spake,
To ever keep his mind awake,
And bind him to the torturing stake.

He was a man of wealth, and knew
No want that money could supply;
But from his wealth no comfort drew,
For comfort, Fate did him deny;
And happier far was he who by
His daily labor earned his food.
In life, for him, there seemed no good;
No friend had he of human kind
To soothe the torment of his mind.
A faithful dog — his only mate —
Was all on earth he did not hate.

IN FANCY'S REALM.

His horses, one by one, he sold,
Regardless of their worth in gold;
Or in wild dashes through the night
Death came to check their maddened flight.
The light of love had never come
Into his life, to bless his home,
And save him e'er he sank below
The depths where peace he could not know.
From every saving grace he fell,
Till naught could save but miracle;
But miracles are never now
Performed on earth, and that is how
A blessed change was wrought in him.
One night when twilight, gray and dim,
Was creeping o'er the autumn earth,
He sat before his glowing hearth
Where torturing visions did arise,
And thus he did soliloquize: —

CANTO I.

“This is a wretched world, and full
Of weak and wretched people, and
The very act of living's dull;
For me, I cannot understand
What good there is in life to make
It worth the struggle — I would break

ANTON.

Away from all the folly here,
And seek existence that's less drear.
There's naught on earth of worth to me,
And from it all I would be free:
There cannot be a place that's worse
In all the boundless universe.
I don't believe in future being,
And never can, without first seeing
Some greater proofs than fools have shown,
That are creations of their own,
And but perplex their weak believers: —
Away with all such vile deceivers;
When life's extinguished, that's the end,
So I believe, and can defend
My doctrine with as much conviction,
As those who cant their bible diction.

“I much prefer an infidel,
Who scoffs at heaven and laughs at hell,
To all the hypocrites who throng
The churches, with their prayer and song,
On Sundays, for a little time,
To shield their weekday greed and crime.
The man who robs the trusting poor
And nails a sign upon his door,

IN FANCY'S REALM.

That reads of honor and of good,
Is worse than vampire sucking blood;
And many such there are who give
That churches and their brood may live;
Not that the doctrines they believe,
But only to trick and deceive
The gaping rabble while they squeeze
As many millions as they please.
It makes me sick to watch the game
While preachers preach of One who came
To raise the lowly from their lot: —
His coming must have gone for naught,
For poverty and suffering
Still round the skirts of Mammon cling;
And still the lowly sink more low,
In ratio as our riches grow:
Society is rotten through
And through — and he who finds a new
And choice filth, in which to wade,
Is singled out, at once, and made
A lion, free to make his lair
In gaudy mansions, nightly where
Fair women throng with shoulders bare.
The daily papers overflow
With trash no mortal ought to know;
They reek with crime without a stint—
The more repulsive — more they print;

ANTON

And if the present furnish none,
They dig up old ones, one by one,
And, in the form of fiction spread,
Them out to desecrate the dead.
The scandals of society
Are vended with mock piety
The o'er wise boys and girls to show
The way in after life to go;
And who shall judge them if they lead
The lives that spring from well ripe seed,
The Yellow Journals broadly sow
In young humanity to grow.
Divorce court garbage claims much space
To prove degenerate the race.
The family quarrels of Dukes and Earls,
Who wed our money and our girls,
The daily press and Sunday freaks
Parade with viciousness that speaks
Depravity of those who read,
As thousands do, with hungry greed,
And offers insult to the kind
Who read for betterment of mind.
The magazines are muck-rake-mad
And print of good men less than bad.
They smear our congressmen with slime
From public vileness of the time,

IN FANCY'S REALM.

And show them false to state and friends
To simply gain their private ends.
Our cities, be they great or small,
Are run by politicians all,
Who stuff their pockets from the till
That honest people help to fill.
Elections are a farce and sham—
He wins who most succeeds to cram
The ballot box — an honest man
Stands little chance against this clan
Of Satan's children who are wise
Enough to wear a shrewd disguise
That fools, e'en those who ought to know
The way political breezes blow."

" The vilest haunts of vice and shame
Where women, of a certain fame,
Lure mankind down the depths of sin
Themselves the gift base gold to win,
I've frequented full oft to find
Distraction for a tortured mind.
Stage entrances I've haunted to,
Find victims, (as full many do —)
The girls of tender years untaught
Of ways that ruin may be wrought

ANTON.

When nature gives of beauty more
Than wisdom to parade before
The lustful eyes of men who prey
By night, and shine as saints by day.
The midnight dinners I have known,
In company and two alone,
When innocence, besot with wine,
Laid virtue on the secret shrine
Of Passion as a sacrifice
To satisfy the god of vice;
But after all, in every case
The lines spread deeper o'er my face
And only thoughts, that tortured more,
Have brought their harvest to my door."

" My pipe, that's been my truest friend,
Refuses now its charm to lend.
Be damned! — I'll hurl it in the fire
And let it burn to cool my ire! —
But no — it only makes me worse;
It does not soothe me when I curse,
I feel no better than before.
I'll light this good cigar, and o'er
My wretchedness I'll ponder not. —
Be cursed! — this weed is vilest rot!
Go there into the glowing hearth,
For surely that is all you're worth!

IN FANCY'S REALM.

If I believed in Satan, I
Might well believe him waiting by,
With ready art and watchful eye,
His evil spells bent to employ
To taint whate'er I might enjoy.
I'll try this book — the critics say
It is the best book of the day —
Historical — they are the fad,
Therefore undoubtedly are bad —
Though some believe them very clever-
Ah, stuff! — it is the same as ever;
Read one and you have read them all: —
A maiden fair, a gallant tall,
They meet by chance, and Cupid sly,
From ambush lets his arrows fly,
And pierces both their willing hearts;
And then they soothe the wounded parts,
And feast on love, and bill and coo
Just as all silly lovers do
And have done since the world began
And woman came to torment man —
I've read enough such trash before —
Lay there upon your shelf and mold,
Be curses on his head, who sold
Such trash to me, in covers rich
In cloth and gold, designed to catch

ANTON.

The eye of fools, who spend their pelf
To simply fill an empty shelf."

With angry stride, he paced the room,
Now filled with midnight's death-like gloom,
From side to side, and end to end,
Like some wild beast as captive penned;
And all the while, within his breast,
Consuming misery killed his rest.
His faithful dog was sleeping near,
And offered one more source of cheer.
He grasped it, as a drowning man
Will grasp a straw — if nothing can
He grasp that will more hope install —
And thus, his dog to him did call —

"Come here my dog: You are a brute,
But then, for me, you better suit
To while away a lonely hour,
 Than any human thing could do;
 I've got some confidence in you.
Come here, I say — don't skulk and cower —
You act as though you were afraid?
You sneak away — I'll be obeyed!
Come here, you brute! You won't? We'll see
Which one of us will master be!

IN FANCY'S REALM.

Take that, and that, and understand
To come to me when I command!
You too—like all the rest I prized—
Have come to be a thing despised!”

The dog into his corner stole
 With sullen eye and head hung low;
 Although a brute, he seemed to know
That in his body was a soul,
Less brutal than the soul that dwelt
Within his master, who had dealt
Those cruel blows.—The master felt
No sting of conscience for his act;
 He settled in his easy chair;
But rest he could not, something lacked,
 There was no comfort for him there.
Awhile he sat as one forlorn,
His breast by hellish passions torn;
Then snatched his hat, with curses vile,
And sought the open air awhile,
To banish thoughts that tortured him.
Upon the lawn, where moonlight dim
Came sifting through the stately trees,
He thought to find a moment's ease;
But close beside him, even there,
Pursued the phantom of despair.

ANTON.

He sank upon the ground and cried:

“O spirits that in air abide,
I pray thee come and comfort me,
If in the world there spirits be!”

He scarce had finished when there came
A weird voice from out the night,
Although no form was there in sight;
It was a spirit called his name.

SPIRIT: — “I come, I come,
From my wild home,
Far o’er the ocean wave;
I dwell below
The tides that flow
Deep in a coral cave.

“I am the spirit of the deep,
The sea is my domain;
From pole to pole, I fiercely sweep
Above the briny main.

“The howling tempest is my steed,
The lightning is my lash,
My saddle is the green seaweed,
I ride where billows crash.

IN FANCY'S REALM.

"I am the sailor's friend and foe; —
A friend when sails I fill—
A foe when tempest winds I blow,
And toss them at my will.

"I dance above the stranded wreck,
It is a joy to me,
To sweep the sailors from the deck
Into the raging sea.

"I love to see them sink and die
Beneath the foaming wave.
I glory when their corpses lie
Deep in their ocean grave.

"Hast thou not seen me, fierce and black,
And heard me howl by night?
When fishers lose the homeward track,
Hast seen wives shrink with fright?

ANTON:—"Well have I seen thee on the deep
And heard thee lash the shore,
And widows I have seen to weep
When husbands came no more.

ANTON.

“Away! I nothing will with thee,
Thou art too fierce and wild —
Of good in thee there naught can be;
Away! thou art defiled!”

SPIRIT:— “I go, I go,
If you will so;
You called me and I came.
I’ll haste away,
But still you may
Recall me by my name.
I am the spirit of the deep,
And night or day, I never sleep,
But o’er the seas my watch I keep.
Adieu to you,
Adieu, Adieu.

ANTON:—“Go not—you suit my wretched state!
Canst thou as mortals be?
We are alone, the hour is late;
Canst thou appear to me?”

SPIRIT:—“There’s but one way that I can come.”

ANTON:— “Come as thou thinkest best.”

SPIRIT:—“I warn you it will strike you dumb.”

ANTON:— “Yet come — I’ll chance the rest,”

IN FANCY'S REALM.

SPIRIT:— "Think twice,"

ANTON.— "I have, I'm ready quite.

Appear — I anxious wait.

I am no woman to take fright

At nothing.

SPIRIT:— "It is fate.

That makes thee so determined on

Seeing what form I wear.

'Twere well for thee to say — "begone

Thou spirit of the air."

ANTON:— "It is for me to judge. If I

Am of a mind to see

The form that spirits know thee by,

What matters it to thee?"

SPIRIT:— "It matters not — 'twas for thy sake

That I would warning give. —

Behold this is the form I take —

Few gaze on me and live."

The smell of sulphur filled the air,

And round about, a hellish glare

Lit up the darkness of the night,

And there appeared a ghastly sight,

ANTON.

That froze the blood of him who gazed
With sight and sense the moment dazed.
The Evil One, with burning eye,
A stately tree was standing by,
His arms close folded on his breast.
Quoth he:—

SATAN:— “I came at thy behest;
What wilt thou have with me?
I’m at thy service — thy request
As law shall with me be.”

ANTON:—Thou prince of devils — King of hell —
’Twas not thee whom I sought!”

SATAN:— “But none can serve thee, sir, so well
As I.”

ANTON:— I only thought
To woo some gentle spirit here
To soothe my wretched mind;
Not thee, the one whom all men fear,
Not thee, get thee behind!”

SATAN:— “Not all men fear me, as you say;
’Tis those who know me not.”

ANTON:— “Dost thou speak truly, prince, I pray,
Cant this fear be forgot?”

IN FANCY'S REALM.

SATAN:—"Most certainly — who know me well
Have not the slightest fear,
But dwell with me at peace in hell—
There 're endless numbers there."

ANTON:—"Ah, yes! that's it — who follow thee
Must surely go to hell!
Ah yes! 'tis very plain to see
That many there do dwell!"

SATAN:—"It is because that there they choose
To dwell, and not with Him."

ANTON:—"But suffer not they keenest throes
Of pain, in that lake grim,

Where sulphurous fumes pollute the
air?"

SATAN:—"That is not really so;
There's no such place as that.

ANTON:—"Is there
No place in hell below

Where sinners suffer endless fire —
An "outer darkness" dread
From which they never rise up high er
Where dwell the sinless dead?"

ANTON.

SATAN:—“My word for it—’tis all a fake—
A silly fabrication
To frighten feeble minds, and make
More wretched all creation.

“A very wrong idea have you
Of hell, ’tis not a place
To dread and shun; and neither do
Darkness and fire grace

“Its pleasant valleys, where do roam
My subjects happily:
It is a happy after-home
That lasts eternally.

ANTON:—“Is this the truth you speak to me?
Is hell as fair as this?”

SATAN:—“It is, and fairer than can be
This wretched world of His;

“For there are all the joys below,
With none of wretchedness,
And ever stronger there doth flow
The tide of happiness.”

IN FANCY'S REALM.

ANTON:—"And what must I to merit such
A life as this you give?

SATAN:—"Tis easy gained — it costs not much;
Live as I bid thee live:

Renounce all else and follow me!

ANTON:—"Thou speakest well — and true,
Thy terms are just. If 't pleaseth thee
To give it, I will do ——

But ere he ended — stern and clear,
As if some one was watching near;
A voice came and interrupted
Ere Satan had him more corrupted:

VOICE:—Make not the vow—forbear! forbear!
(Thus spake a voice so clear)
Of this tempter beware! beware!
Look on him but with fear!

Quickly did Anton turn where seemed
The voice, and he saw where gleamed
The hellish light, that Satan made,
Was clothéd in Erebean shade,
And Satan was no longer there:
He shrank before the stern "beware,"



“ ’ I WAS WELL FOR THEE THAT I WAS NEAR ”

IN FANCY'S REALM

And hurried back again to hell:
For wretched Anton it was well
That warning came ere he had made
That vow, the price to Satan paid
For an eternity of woe.
In just humiliation, low
Did Anton sink before the fair
Angelic form, now standing where
Had Satan at his bidding come.
Before her, Anton's lips were dumb;
Nor dared he even lift his eyes,
Till gently she bade him arise
And spake to him soft words of cheer
That banished all his cringing fear.
It seemed to him a soothing spell,
When she appeared, around him fell,
And o'er his soul came peace divine,
As moonbeans on still waters shine;
And as he to new life awoke,
To reassure him, thus she spoke:—

ANGEL:—"Tw'as well for thee that I was near,
To save thee from the fall;
When Satan did to thee appear
At thy rash, sinful call.

ANTON.

“And now I bid thee, trust him not,
No good on man can he
Bestow, though he their soul hath bought.

ANTON:—“I now can plainly see

“My folly — and I cannot thank
Thee as I ought or would.
The bitter cup, I nearly drank,
Hath taught me more than could

“The wisest precepts of the Word
From out the mouths of men.

ANGEL:—“I ask no thanks; that thou wert stirred.
And saw thy folly when

“It was presented unto thee,
As many fail to do;
Is thanks sufficient unto me —
Do as I bid thee to,

“And life, that has so bitter been,
Shall be with joy fraught:—
Renounce thy former paths of sin,
Believe what Christ has taught,

IN FANCY'S REALM.

“And dare to follow where He leads,
And shalt thy bitterness —
That racks thy soul until it bleeds,
And fills thee with distress —

“Be lifted from thee evermore;
And from thy nether state
Thou shalt, at last, when life is o'er,
Be joined unto thy mate;

“For, though thou hast no mate below,
There waits thee, up above,
Thy twin born soul, and thou shalt know
An endless life of love.

“And is it not worth while, to live
Your little life below
As Christ hath taught, that He may give
Thee privilege to go —

“When life is o'er — into the blest
And happy land of Souls,
Where perfect peace and love and rest,
In endless fulness rolls?

ANTON.

ANTON:— “If life beyond is what you say,
(And I’d believe it is)
One cannot well throw hope away
Of such eternal bliss.

“Deep in my heart I feel ’tis true;
But mortal like, ’twould be
More reassuring if a view
Of it were given me.

“Is there no way my soul may take
Departure from this clay,
And from its earthly blindness break,
And hasten there away?

ANGEL:— “O weak and doubting man — wouldst’t
thou
Believe if thou didst see?

ANTON:— “That doubt hath faint hold on me now
If this be granted me

It will depart.”

ANGEL:— “What thou hast seen,
Should be enough to show
The truth of what I say.—’Tis mean
In thee to wish to go

IN FANCY'S REALM

"Unbidden, where no soul, before
It was recalled, hath gone:
But thou shalt cross that curtained shore
And back ere morning's dawn!

Thus spake the angel, and above
His sinking form, her hands did move,
Till some strange charm upon him stole,
That from his body freed his soul;
And there, as if all life were gone,
His body lay upon the lawn;
And swiftly did his soul arise
To mystic realms beyond the skies.

CANTO II.

From that night on had Anton lived
The life of one from sin reclaimed;
And one could scarcely have believed
That he for sin had e'er been blamed.
All of his vile misanthropy,
Had turned to broad philanthropy;
And soul corroding pessimism,
Had turned to soothing optimism.
The unbelief of bygone days,
Had turned now to constant praise,

ANTON.

And trusting faith in Him who gave
His life, that 'sinners He might save.
To Christian work his time was given,
And stored him wealth of peace in heaven
And when, at last, death came to take
His mortal clay, that soul might break
Away from earth forevermore,
He told what he withheld before;
And here below, 'tis told as he
Upon his death-bed told it me.

ANTON:—"When I had made my bold request
To view the future state;
I was with special privilege blest,
And had not long to wait.

"A fearful spell came over me
I could not overcome;
My eyes grew dim — I could not see,
Was motionless and dumb.

"My spirit from my body fled
To join the spirit band;
The myriad, myriads of the dead
That seek that "Silent Land."

IN FANCY'S REALM.

“My body lay as one in death,
A common bit of clay;
No pulse, nor any sign of breath,
My soul had flown away!

“(How very plain it was to me
That mortal man is but
A thing of earth, must ever be,
In which the soul is shut;

“And that the soul is not of earth,
And that it cannot be;
It comes from God to us at birth,
At death, He sets it free.)

“All life, all motion, and all thought —
Aye, all of worth in me,
Most strangely from my body got,
Awhile its liberty.

“And through the starry vaults of night
In gladsome freedom stole,
Until it saw a form of light;
It was my partner soul:

ANTON. ■

“A queenly being, grand, divine,
Of mystic form and size;
But, Ah! the same I saw was mine —
The soul without disguise!

“Not like the forms of earth was she —
(That are so frail and small)
Divinely beautiful to see,
Unearthly fair and tall.

“No wings had she, as artists draw
The spirits of the air;
No earthly garb she wore: I saw
Her raiment was her hair.

“It fell about her gracefully
Like some celestial light,
And pressed her shoulders lovingly,
That were so spotless white.

“Her form was not of common clay,
It was ethereal;
Transparent as the light of day,
And substanceless as well.

IN FANCY'S REALM.

“As buoyant as a bubble light,
That floats upon the air;
Invisible to mortal sight,
She wandered anywhere.

“She told me she already had
Been prisoned on the earth;
And was left all alone and sad
When I, below, had birth.

“She knew that she most wait until
My soul from earth was free;
Then we, together, at our will,
Would wander happily,

“And never more be separated;
For souls to earth are given
But once, and then for aye are mated
When called at last to heaven.

“There are no marriages above;
There is no need to be.
For souls are born in pairs, to love
Through all eternity.

ANTON.

“There are no sinful spirits there,
No carnal minded souls;
There are no secret places where
The siren careless lolls.

“Temptations there are none to shun,
The way is plain and clear,
And equals there, are everyone;
No evils there to fear.

“The life hath nothing of the earth,
And yet 'tis far more sweet;
But none can ever know its worth
Who live not here discreet.

“Affection in the spirit land,
(Unlike to that below)
Is not the soft caressing hand,
Nor sweet words whispered low;

“'Tis not the clasp of loving arms,
'Tis not the passioned kiss,
'Tis not the throbbing heart that warms
To momentary bliss:

IN FANCY'S REALM.

“ 'Tis something more and better than
The feeble love of earth,
That thrills the heart of mortal man
When it is given birth.

“There's nothing in the world I know
That can with it compare;
'Tis wholly pure, like the warm glow
Of sunlight in the air.

“When we together nearer drew;
As doth the magnet draw;
Each one unto the other grew,
By some unsolvéd law.

“Our souls would both together blend;
As one we seemed to be:
And through our being there did wend
A thrill of ecstasy,

“Unlike to anything in life;
A strange and gladdening thrill,
With keenest pleasure running rife,
And nothing mean nor ill.

ANTON

“It is the pure “Love Divine,”
That mortals ne’er can know;
We can but worship at its shrine,
And bless its distant glow.

“Some favored one may see afar
This love, and know its worth;
But like a distant shining star,
It doth but light the earth.

“No darkness was there in the air,
Though earth was robed in night;
The sky around, was noonday clear
Unto our spirit sight.

“We wandered through the realms of
space,
Where souls unnumbered roam,
With freedom into every place
Within their spirit home.

“We glided swiftly everywhere,
As doth the lightning flash;
From world to world on steeds of air
That needeth not the lash.

IN FANCY'S REALM.

·Full many souls in pairs we saw,
And some were quite alone,
Still waiting for the Master's law
From earth to claim His own.

“We journeyed on, by worlds that are
Not seen by telescope;
By moons and suns so distant far,
To see them none may hope.

“Far down below us, dark and wide,
Where sun's rays never fell—
Through which there moved a stagnant
tide,
Lay the awful realms of hell.

“And there the souls of sinners lay
Upon the sulphurous slime:
With them there is no night, no day,
'Tis only endless time,

And endless torture, too; and I
To it was nearly given;
I shuddered for I caught the cry
Of souls with torment riven.

ANTON.

“Could every mortal once have view
 Into the evil place,
The damnéd souls would be but few
 Among the human race.

“Can any doubt there is a hell
 And hold their faith in heaven?—
As sure as ever Adam fell
 Or Eve to sin was given,

“We must believe in both or lose
 Belief in either one: —
There is no good for us to choose
 Unless there's bad to shun.

“Did not Christ teach there is a hell,
 An ‘outer darkness’ dread.
Where damnéd souls must ever dwell:
 Canst doubt what He hath said?

“I know that many doubt; but I
 Have seen, and doubt no more.
Believe me — if in sin you die
 You'll grace the nether shore!

IN FANCY'S REALM.

“My partner turned me from the view
That did affect me so,
And onward, upward, swift we flew,
Till hell grew dim below.

“At last we came where all was new,
The air was not the same; ~~f~~
With awe and fear I nearer drew
Into my partner flame.

“The great Omnipotent, Divine—
The Power over All,
Doth there in timeless glory shine,
With brightness to appall!

“And round about, as moths are seen
To gather near a blaze—
Full many million souls, I ween,
Were bathing in His rays.

“And every ray, that from Him shone,
Threw off the cleanséd souls:
And thus, around his primal throne,
The soul-tide ever rolls.

ANTON.

"We bathed as others did, a time,
Till dazed with the delight,
I sank away with thrills sublime,
Till faded from my sight,

"The glory of the light we drank;
And swiftly down through space,
My soul unto my body sank,
And there resumed its place.

"I had no faith, I lived in sin,
But seeing I believed:
I know my soul will enter in —
To freedom, I'm relieved

"Of all the misery I've known,
Of all the hate I had
For fellow men, and I have grown
To love them. I am glad

"To face the death that now is near;
'Tis not a thing to shun;
For when the life is ended here,
True life has just begun.

IN FANCY'S REALM.

“The life I’ve lived, the death I die,
Must teach some little worth
And now I’ve but to say good by,
And bid adieu to earth.”

Thus ended Anton, and his breath
Was hushed, and o’er him, welcome death
Composed her mantle, as if sleep
Had closed his eyes.—No eye could weep
To gaze on death so sweetly blest
That gave a savéd soul, to rest,
On which the earth had not one claim.
Who would not wish to die the same?

ANTON.

DIVORCED.

Dear old girl! — I wonder where
You are, and if you think of me,
And if you long to have again
Things as they used to be?

I wonder if that old-time love
Is wholly dead, or if it still
Sometimes gets restless in its grave
As old loves often will.

I've thought of you a great deal for
A year or more — At first my pride
Scoffed at my heart, when it would speak,
And told it that it lied.

To-night, somehow, I long for you —
I long to have you by my side —
I would that I could bridge secure
Time's abyss stretching wide.

Our little quarrel, looking back
Upon it now with better light,
Seems all too little, to have let
The Wrong outweigh the Right.

IN FANCY'S REALM.

I never should have listened to
The tales of gossips — nor should you,
Without a hearing, pictured me
To marriage vows untrue.

Divorce was never meant to be,
I do believe; and yet, we two —
Once man and wife, must pass, apart,
Life's thorny pathways through.

I never ceased to love you, that
I know, though I have often said,
To fool myself and others, that
My love for you was dead.

Love is a thing too sacred to
Be cast aside; a man and wife
Should hold, as final, marriage vows,
Throughout the term of life.

I have not married all these years;
Though I am free, I feel to-day,
The same as when you promised to
Love, honor, and obey.

ANTON.

I visit, oft, the places that
Were dear to us when love was young,
Before the thoughts of you or me
By jealousy were stung.

But there's a heartache in each place,
No joy in love's memory.
And it is all because you are
Not there to speak with me.

The house is lonely where we drank
The cup of bliss that marriage gave;
And oft I linger there as one
Beside a loved one's grave.

Is this the end of all our hopes?
Can you not say with me that pain
Of separation is too much
And take me back again?

IN FANCY'S REALM.

A NAMELESS REGION.

In a vale, secluded far,
In the realms where mysteries are,
Dwells a spirit named—"The Nameless."
In a palace, roofless, frameless,
Clad in ether, there he sits
On a throne that ever flits
Up and down a cloud fringed valley;
Slowly then with sudden sally,
Swifter than the sight of eye,
Up it mounts into the sky,
Pausing there awhile in space
Then a-down it comes a-pace.
Thus it ever is and never
Doth it cease, but moves forever.

Round about the throne liquescent,
Throngs a band of mims incessant,
Vanishing like rays of light
From a candle snuffed at night;
And from out the ether ever,
From across the Stygian river
Born of the ethereal,
Others come the throng to swell

ANTON.

And they come from every nation
Known in all of God's creation.

It is in the lethean west,
Just beyond the vale of rest,
In the weirdest of weird regions,
Where vague fancies throng in legions,
That this dark, dim, dreamy land is
That so changeable but grand is,
That we view through eyes that see not,
Where we may when wakeful be not,
But that never mortal being
Long may live without it seeing.

Who will name this nameless region
Where dwell nightly spirits legion?

IN FANCY'S REALM.

THE WAGES OF SIN.

Maiden so beautiful, how can it be
That so much sinfulness 'bideth in thee?

Oh, what a pity that in this great city,
Naught can attract you but sin and disgrace
All for the beauty of form and of face.

That you are beautiful none can dispute
Oh, but your haunts are of vilest repute!

Why do you go into places so low?
Virtue stands watching you mournfully by,
You might flee unto him if you would try!

Soon will your beauty be withered and gone —
What will you put your dependence upon?

Admirers will leave caring not if you grieve—
You will be penniless out in the street;
Oh! but consider! is your life discreet?

Wrinkles are gathering over your brow:
Repent and be saved, for there's time for you now!

Oh, do not wait, only think of the fate
That is so near you with gluttonous eye —
Turn from your waywardness ere you dare die!

ANTON.

Where is the beauty that once was thy pride?
Wasted and withered — ah, best you had died,
 Ere you had grown to the age to bemoan—
The age when you sank to the depths of disgrace,
Owing to beauty of form and of face!

Down by the riverside, wild and alone;
Hesitate! Hesitate! Will it atone? |

 Do not the deed to which Satan would lead —
Die he would have you in sin and in shame;
Hesitate! Hesitate! in the Lord's name!

Ah! the dark waters roll over her form,
Her body has gone to the conquering worm—
 The devils of hell they are ringing her knell;
Her spirit is borne beyond help of our prayer;
Oh, it is terrible! Sisters, beware!

IN FANCY'S REALM

ZORORA.

I wandered down into the wildwood,
When twilight was creeping up gray —
Down where, in my innocent childhood
I used to be ever at play —
At play with my dear loved Zorora,
Zorora the queenly, the fair,
The beautiful, witty Zorora —
Ah! would we again were down there
In the dear and the blest, old, weird wildwood,
As we oft used to be in our childhood!

The moon was descending down westward,
Down into the lethean space,
Serenely and calmly down restward,
Half hid in the mist was her face;
Beside me walked Mab, the wild fairy,
Gay Mab, to most mortals unseen;
She trod with a step light and airy,
And led me forth over the green,
The green that lay stretched to the wildwood,
The green where I played in my childhood.

ANTON.

The stars they were bright and they twinkled,
And blinked at the dark world below,
As if diamonds in space had been sprinkled
To give out their liquescent glow.
There was one star straight up in the zenith
Stood direct o'er the wood 'yon the green;
"Pray tell me Mab what that star meaneth
That so plainly in the heavens is seen;
That points to the dark and weird wildwood,
Where I was so happy in childhood!"

" 'Tis the star that points back to things vanished,
That leads to the mem'ries of yore,
That calls back the thoughts long since banished
To dwell in a sad heart once more."
"Oh, lead me, fair Mab!" plead I wildly,
"Oh lead me the way the star guides!"
(Gay Mab she laughed at me but mildly)
"Oh tell me what yonder wood hides,
Yon weird and dark-foliaged wildwood,
Where I was so happy in childhood."

She led me beneath the dark arches
Into a ghoulishaunted retreat,
Surrounded by tall drooping larches,
And there nearly under my feet

IN FANCY'S REALM

Rose a mound — Ah! now I remember —
Zorora, my loved one so dear,
Long ago in the month of September
Was laid at rest, all alone here—
Alone in the dark, lonesome wildwood,
Where we were so happy in childhood!

ANTON.

IN FANCY'S REALM.

In the still nocturnal hours,
When the world is all asleep,
Oft' within my quiet chamber,
Fancies strange o'er me do creep;
When from some dark musty volume,
Full of legends, weird and old,
Read I some vague, Eastern story
Quaintly by some poet told.

Stories of the superstition
Of the simple folk of yore,
Of their faith in ghosts and witches,
And the vivid olden lore,
Told around the winter fire,
In the ages that are dead;
As I read a strange procession
Seems to round about me tread.

Half awake, and half a-dreaming,
In a reminiscent mood,
Have I watched their phantoms round me,
And their coming I have wooed;

IN FANCY'S REALM

Woodyed them all, both fierce and gentle,
In their costumes quaint and queer,
Courtied them as boon companions
In the night-time hours drear.

Goths and Celts and Angles ancient,
Jutes and Saxons, Teutons too,
Jews and Gentiles, all assemble
Round about the whole night through:
Fair Egyptians, tawny Africs,
Arabs lank with yellow skin,
These, and others, to my fancy
Spectre-like come trooping in.

Kings and peasants join together,
In my chamber lone, with me—
Harpies, dragons, monsters horrid,
Many in the throng there be;
But the feelings that come o'er me
Are not either awe nor fear,
For they all are born of fancy—
At my bidding they appear.

It is but a night-time languor,
Physical and nothing more,
For my mind is more creative
And more active than before:

ANTON.

All the mental forces center
 Into fantasies of thought,
Till from ancient Eastern legends,
 Grotesque spectacles are wrought.

IN FANCY'S REALM.

A DREAM.

It was summer, and twilight had settled
Opiate-like down from the sky,
And sweet calm with all rude sounds had battled,
Till all was serene, and on high,
The bright stars were lit up in the ether,
Like angel-borne torches of night,
And tall shadows 'gan thickly to gather
Beneath their celestial light.

I sat on the shore of lake O-doon;
Its bosom was placid and still,
And solemnly rose up the new moon
From behind the dark-foliaged hill,
And shed o'er the lake her white glory,
And filled all the vales with her glow,
And the rocky cliff nearby looked hoary
As the silver light o'er it did flow.

This weird lake of O-doon, you never,
Have heard of before this I ween,
You might search for it vainly forever,
It has never but by me been seen.

ANTON.

'Tis remote in the realms of vague vision
Where dream-fairies make their wild home, —
Borne thither on some dim dream mission,
My spirit there one time did roam.

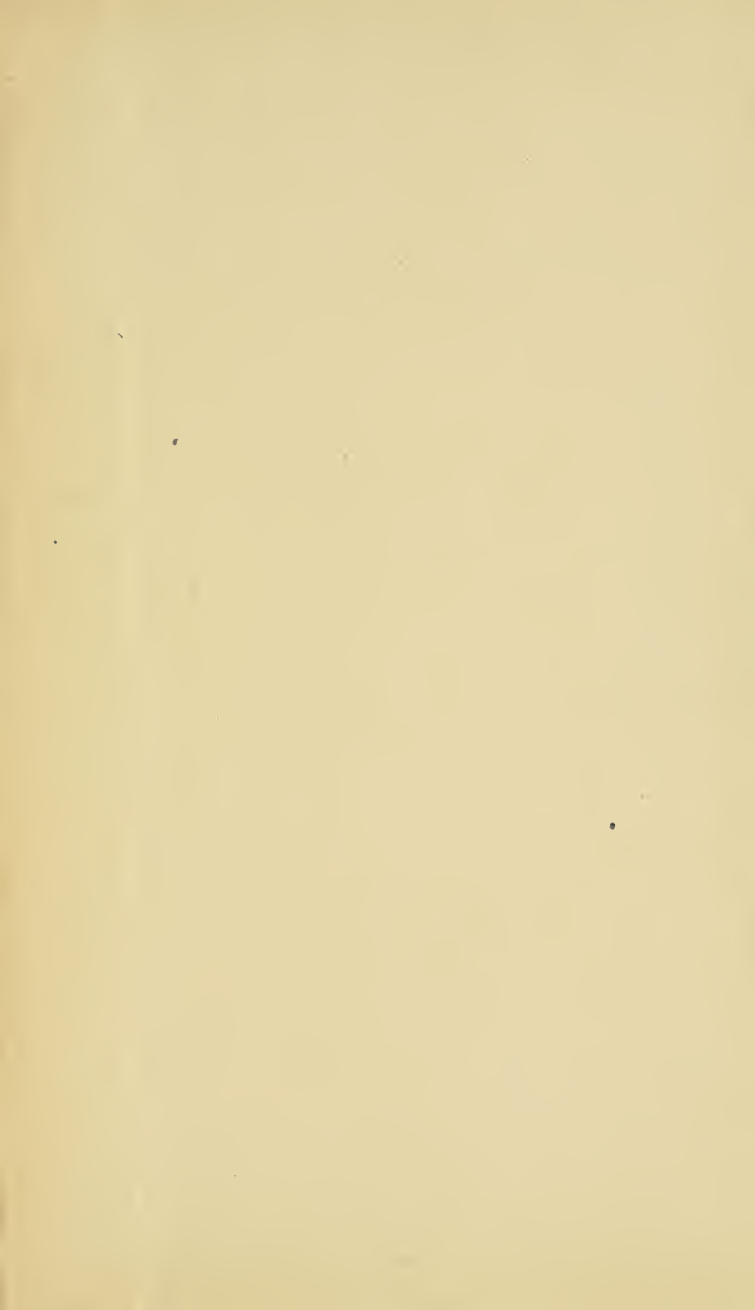
I sat on the shore, but no mortal
E'er wakeful sat on such a shore,
Nor gazed on that lake 'yond the portal
That leads to a region of lore.
The waters stretch on never-ending.
And the shores are liquescent around
And the sky with all else seemed a-blending,
And silence reigned deathly profound.

I sat, but I ever kept moving
On the shadows of misty-dim thought
And, spirit-like, round I kept roving,
Till at last I was suddenly brought
To a valley, remote and secluded,
Where dream essence nightly is made,
And boldly down there I intruded
Into the chill ebon-like shade.

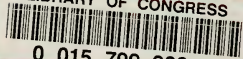
IN FANCY'S REALM.

And there, in a cave, burned a fire,
And ever poured forth from the blaze
Winged pygmies that knew not to tire
They vanished in different ways,
To bear the dream essence to sleepers,
And breathe it upon them unseen,
For they are the dream-essence keepers
That visit all mortals I ween.

DEC 26 1908



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 799 930 8